

UO45.101

The Toike Oike
presents

Growing Up



Hey Kids!

There's a ton of
fun games
inside!



The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1971

Volume XCIX - Issue I - September 2005

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SPECIAL THANKS

The American Society of Civil Engineers, Mahvish Ashraf, JJ Lim's bum, Eamon McAwesome, Evan Cameron and Dave Kobayashi - You will always be editor-in-chief to me

COLOPHON

So, what did the Toike say when it walked into the bar? "Ouch". Bahh dum PISH! The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. The body copy is set in Georgia.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.



EDITORIAL

So I was scanning the porn that I drew onto my laptop...

I really don't know how to complete that thought. That doesn't make it any less true. Now, I know what you're thinking. Yes, I am aware that you can find porn on the internet. But due to my dedication to this newspaper I am no longer going to take the easy way out. I will pick up a pen and draw suggestive images until my hand cramps up. Because that is how much I love the Toike.

I hope you guys enjoy this issue. My graphics editor and I spent many hours going through porn, drawing porn and scanning porn to make it all work. Some would call it unnecessary; I would call it the Best Girls' Night Ever!

Now a lot has happened this summer. I went to China. I was borderline email-harassed at work by a socially inept thirty year old who was in love with a girl of a similar name as mine. Her name was Mabel or "Mei-bel" as I like to call her. True story. It really is. The guy wasn't harassing me in a threatening or scary way, he just wanted to be my friend. And that might've been the

saddest part of all. I mean, how pathetic do you have to be to be 30 and want to be my friend?

I considered publishing the emails and laughing about it with the rest of you. But I didn't want to come off as bitter or bitchy. Especially not in the first issue. I also realized that when you talk about real losers, it's not so funny as much as it is sad.

Anyway, this summer has taught me a lot about myself and the people around me... And I would like to share some of that with you.

1. I never met a guy named Bruce. But I think I'd like to.
2. It is okay to be vulnerable in front of other people. Sometimes.
3. No it isn't.
4. I will never get over my fear of zombies if people keep dousing themselves with blood and attacking me.

You know who you are.

5. The world gets larger as you grow older. Or perhaps it's lonelier...

6. Never leave a sandwich unattended. Ever.

I hope some of this helps you as it did me. Keep reading guys, it's going to be a great year.

Also, here is a picture that I drew:



-Mei Ling Chen
Editor-in-chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Since it's the first issue we haven't been getting a lot of letters. So I decided to take this opportunity to respond to some of my own personal emails.

Hey Mei,

one of them! GAH!

I will print ond shit where I damn well please.

We still on for lunch to-morrow?

Mei,
Our friendship is in jeopardy.

[Ed: ECF labs ore the engineering linux computer labs]

Ev

Evan

john.mcleod@utoronto.ca sends:

Sorry, I can't tomorrow. I'm helping my friend bake muffins.

No it isn't. Stop that.

Hi Mei,

Mei,
Where the hell were you yesterday? I waited at the subway station for two hours! I'll give you a call tonight. You better have a good explanation for this...Mei Ling Chen:
Your ECF privileges will be revoked if you persist in viewing and printing inappropriate web content. We have received numerous complaints of you tying up the ECF colour printer with images of "sadistic German dungeon porn". This reflects poorly on engineering and the university as a whole.

I just wanted to say you're really beautiful, and intelligent, and pretty. I have loved you as long as I can remember.

Mei!!
Alright, I'm starting to think you're ignoring me again... You don't even return my emails anymore! Double-Yoo Tee Eff, Mei? Double-Yoo Tee Eff...

I may never get the courage to tell you who I am, but I want you to know that I think of you always.

- Your Secret Admirer

Ev

You also owe \$25.00 for exceeding your print quota - again with German dungeon porn.

Finally, we politely ask you to stop defecating on the keyboards in ECF - it is disrupting students attempting to use the facilities.

Dude, did I not tell you my muffin plan?

Thank you,

Intelligent? Beautiful? I'm ofroid you're mistaken, John.

I'm going out tonight so you might not reach me. Text my cell if you can't.

If you would like me to get over myself and stop printing my own emails then

EMAIL US:

toike@skule.ca

How am I not responding to your emails? I've responded to every single

Get Involved With The Toike Oike!

Bored and Lonely? Don't lie.

Nothing solves that like working on a newspaper!

Our first meeting of the year
will be held on:

Tuesday, September 13th, 2005 @ 6:30 pm in EngCom, Sanford Fleming basement

Questions?? email toike@skule.ca

NEWS BRIEFS

U OF T PRIDE INCREASE AS POLICY TO BRAND RECENT GRADS COMES INTO EFFECT

The University of Toronto has released a new statement to increase the prestige of the university. "We are on par with the Ivy League of the United States, now we just have to get them to notice us," says president David Naylor. "So we've come up with branding, clothing companies have been doing it for years!"

The university policy extends to the grads of the next class, 2006, who will be branded by a bot wrought iron brand on "somewhere prominent." "The University of Toronto will be on everyone's mind both literally and figuratively," laughs Phillips.

This comes on the heels of the disastrous acrylic nails that the University promoted last year.

AV TRAINING UNPREPARES NEW TA'S FOR CONFUSING EQUIPMENT

The University of Toronto is the first to introduce mandatory training for all TAs on AV equipment. "We were getting a lot of complaints from students saying that they hadn't wasted enough time watching the TA struggle with complicated overhead projectors and VCR's," says Mike McDougall, head of AV at Robarts. "We listened to their complaints and came up with this."

Not only will it be costly, with each session costing over a thousand dollars, but it will make TAs struggle for longer while looking more hopeless.

"This is what the students have asked for. If there are any further complaints, we'll know who the true keeners are and weed them out accordingly."

NEWS BRIEF HEADLINE: LARGER THAN BRIEF ITSELF: TOIKE EXCLUSIVE

It's true.

SCIENTISTS DISCOVER UNIVERSE INSIDE WALNUT

WASHINGTON D.C. - Researchers at the American Center for Astrophysics discovered last week that recent particle accelerator studies have produced unexpected results. A scientist relaxing in the break room after a series of lengthy neutrino experiments went to crack open a walnut only to discover it contained a tiny alternate universe.

"When I cracked the shell, all I saw was a dark circle with tiny spots of light," said Prof. Alan Hertzberg. "Several of my colleagues have confirmed it to be a minuscule universe, similar to our own." Though the origin of this universe is uncertain, Hertzberg's co-workers believe rogue particles from the accelerator room next-door are responsible for this phenomenon.

Studies on the anomalous walnut are set to continue with lead physicists from around the world flying in to assist. However, the walnut, along with three nearby researchers, was sucked into a black hole inside the break room coffee machine.

War Of The Worlds Receives Positive Reviews In Germany

REST OF WORLD LEFT TO WONDER, WTF?

Germans and the rest of the world have not always seen eye to eye. Nevertheless, disagreements have often been quite small. We see it necessary to capitalize only proper nouns, while they see it fit to capitalize all nouns in writing. We see Roman Catholic as the religion of choice, while they see Protestant. What we saw as a gross violation of human rights, they saw as a necessary step to rebuilding the economy after the First World War.

However, recently a film deemed "more full of holes than Scientology" by many critics around the world has been met with much praise in Germany. How is it that the German public loves a film hated by so many throughout the world? How is



such a disagreement between Germany and the 'rest of the free-world living out lives' (henceforth referred to as rottfol) possible? Our findings may surprise you.

The German people empathize with the characters of the movie more so than others," says sociologist Mary Eisenhart. According to Eisenhart, while Germans, unlike rottfol, have not grown to hate Tom Cruise for his recent actions, it is not his character that they empathize with. Nor is it Dakota Fanning's or Miranda Otto's. In fact, the characters that the German public find so easy to empathize with are not human at all.

"Germans understand what it is like to try to take over the world and fail," continues Eisenhart. "How certain the victory of the aliens seemed, when to everyone's surprise, they catch a cold - perhaps from being out in the cold much like German tanks in Soviet Russia in

1945. The story of the ambitious aliens strikes a real chord with the German populace."

Film critic Gary Hoisen takes a different angle. "Germans are simply happy that the public eye concerned with world domination is off of them," he writes us from a secret bunker. "The same man who made Schindler's List and Saving Private Ryan has finally stopped making movies where Germans are the bad guys and finally focused on the real bad guys, the aliens."

So who's right? Perhaps it is some interesting combination of the two ideas proposed here; perhaps neither expert is really qualified to be an expert. Rottfol, we, may never know.

- Luke Helt and Kento Onishi

Pet Rock Gets Life

TORONTO - The local pet rock that was arrested last year for violently attacking a neighbourhood dog, causing grievous bodily harm was sentenced to 25 years to life in a maximum security kennel after being found guilty by an ad hoc pet crime inquiry committee consisting of local pets and their shit-cleaners.

The rock kept a grim and silent demeanor throughout the trial and showed absolutely no remorse after bearing the verdict. "That's one cold-hearted rock" claimed a local goldfish, a member of the panel.

"I'm glad that crazy motherfucker is going away for a while" stated a local desktop eraser. "I was afraid to leave my pencil case for fear that I would be mauled or maimed - or even raped by that psycho son of a bitch. Now I can finally go outside and buy a carton of milk without fear - should I ever want one."

Plans for the rock's release are being formulated by the committee after financial incentives of \$200 per hour for such committees have been introduced by Toronto Mayor David Miller.

Miller believes that this gives pets a "fair chance" at equity and social justice, and also believes that he has the authority to issue such incentives without consulting his Mayoral handbook, the "Instructions on keeping your new fish tank clean and your fish happy!" Miller also announced plans to populate every square foot of the GTA with 10 snails in order to have the city clean itself. "This way, another garbage strike won't put hard-working Torontonians out of business."

So far, the committee has put forth a plan for reintegration involving community service, making it mandatory for the rock to do 250 hours of "show and tell" presentations at grade schools across the GTA.

The rock will be incarcerated at the Runny Spring Meadows maximum security compound off the coast of San Francisco, USA, as part of a criminal-exchange program - a collaboration between Canadian and American leftist thinkers. In exchange, Canada will be hosting 10 convicted suicide bombers.

- Anton Bassel

As if cows didn't have enough to worry about. With chewing their cud all day and pooping on the ground in places where bums like to walk on, the Cow Union has released a statement regarding the popular use of the word "Cow" to describe obese persons, particularly women, in a derogatory fashion.

To be certain, cows have always been the source of a plethora of controversy, not the least of which culminated last year with Mad Cow Disease. Dubbed "Bovine-SARS" by famed Betsy the Cowmedian, the disease ravaged hundreds of cows, rendering them inedible and subject to scrutiny and ostracism by their peers.

Spokeswoman Dorothy the Cow said, "This campaign is really about bringing back the good name that cows used

Mad Cows

BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY THIS TIME



to have. Remember when celebrities were wearing milk mustaches? That was awesome. People knew that milk was cool, and by association, cows must be cool too. We want to bring that back, the first step is to eliminate associating unappealing stereotypes with our fine species."

When prompted about whether this movement towards obliterating the insulting expression was in regards to the malicious and chauvinistic attitude that produces such linguistic cruelties, one cow at the rally was heard to remark, "Listen, maybe if those ladies ate fewer US-burgers they wouldn't get called 'Cows' in the first place." No word yet on whether cows actually talking for the first time give them more credibility than before.

- Annie Unnold

Tired of having people tell you how bad smoking is for your health?

"You're going to die of cancer."

"You're killing yourself."

"Don't you know the hazards?"

"I hate you."

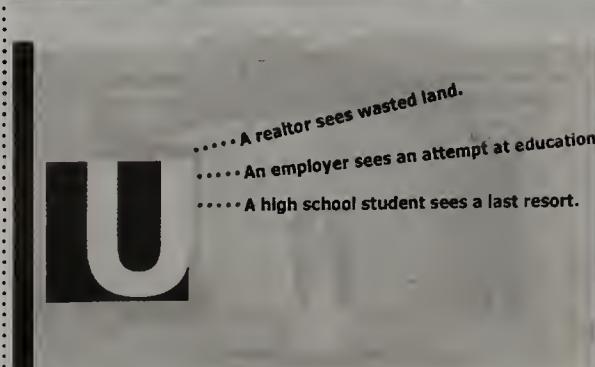
Tired of all the gloom and doom on cigarette packages - how you're harming your unborn child, your erection and your fingernails?

Here's some good news:

Smoking is the leading cause of

cool.

QUESTION EVERY ANGLE. STUDY EVERY ANGLE. RESEARCH EVERY ANGLE. WELCOME TO THE DESPERATE UNIVERSITY. AT YUCK, WE BREAK DOWN TRADITIONAL BOUNDARIES OF CRAPPINESS AND BRING TOGETHER EXECUTIVE ADVERTISERS TO HIKE THE TOTAL LEVEL OF SHIT IN OUR CURRICULUM. REALTORS, EMPLOYERS AND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD AGREE THAT A UNIVERSITY WHICH NEEDS ADVERTISEMENTS WITH CATCH PHRASES MUST SUCK. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THE DESPERATE UNIVERSITY, VISIT YUCKU.CA.



YUCK
UNIVERSITÉ
UNIVERSITY **U**
redefine CRAP

The Worst Cover Letters of All Time

Finding a job is always a big bassel. If you don't have nepotism or cosmetic surgery on your side, you're as good as a single rusty bubcap on a highway, getting run over by all the other vehicles that have what it takes to stay on the road. The only way to prove to employ-

ers that you are a shinier bubcap than all the rest is to write an amazing cover letter. A tour-de-force of a cover letter, bursting with an irony and dark wit that demonstrates integrity, intelligence and compassion; a cover letter not to be found in the dumpsters behind

business establishments where our reporteras scavenge in hungry desperation for comedic material. And now, from those garbage bins to you, the Toke Oike presents The Worst Cover Letters of All Time.

-Marin Turk

Dear Mrs. Furley,

This is a formal job application. My name is Ferdinand Wyoming and I would like to work in your drycleaning/abortion clinic full or part time. I am great with small children and all my friends call me "The Cleaning Freak".

Enclosed is my resume and an ironing sample.

Dear Mr. Garret,

This is a formal job application. My name is Zelda Myers and I am very interested in employment at your computer harddrive manufacturing factory. Although I have seven metal plates in my skull with a magnetic force that attracts objects as heavy as sugar spoons, I truly believe that my passion can overcome this obstacle.

Enclosed is my resume and a picture of my mother.

Dear Mrs. Welt,

This is a formal job application. Please consider me, Julia Worchester, as a prime candidate to work at your Camp for Horribly Obese People (CHOP). One hundred pounds is such a round number. I feel so fat. I have really low self-esteem right now and I promise I will be nice.

Enclosed is my resume and my daily calorie intake...literally.

Dear Mrs. Appalachia,

This is a formal job application. My name is Zachary Orson and I am requesting an interview at your golfing range/head injury clinic. I have utilized both your recreational and medical services ever since I discovered I had a fetish for high impact brain damage.

Enclosed is my resume and the golf-ball that was surgically removed from my cranium last August.

Dear Hamas,

This is a formal job application. I, Moshe Goldman, am requesting some form of employment in your organization. It has been so difficult finding a summer job, even the KKK never called me back. At this point I am willing to devote myself to any odd job. I am available all week except Saturdays.

Enclosed is my resume and a bag of my bubi's homemade cookies.

Dear Mr. Calighieri,

Hi. My name is Hedwig Fuster. Could I please work in your porno shop? Please?

I have no resume but I have enclosed my favorite Tiny-Toons episode. Babs the bunny is fucking gorgeous and Hampton looks so soft.

Dear Mom and Dad,

This is a formal job application. My name is Francine Automobilus, you may remember me from driving me to school everyday and various other long range road trips. I know you think I am incompetent, but I think it is unfair that you have employed all my friends and left me out. I have no job and no one to hang out with. Thanks a lot.

Enclosed is my resume and that cute sign I made when I was eight that says "I love you"

Best of luck to you in the rat race O' so magnificent devoted reader.

Good together.



Better together.



BUSINI-TOIKE

"Made In Mexico" Now Made In Canada

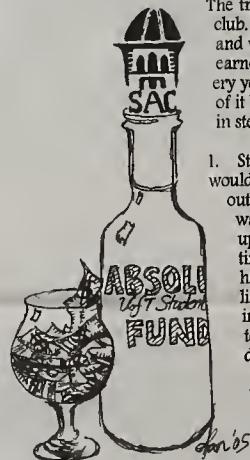
CAMCO TAKE-OVER IN PROGRESS.



The flow of jobs in North America. As you can see, it is a closed system - and can probably be modeled as an ideal gas.

Drinking on the SAC Dime

By Lena Schuck



The trick to free drinking is to open a club. With minimal start up hassle and with more than \$50 of your hard earned student loan going to SAC every year, it seems it is time to get some of it back. And it's easy. I'll outline it in steps for maximum comprehension.

1. Start a club. My personal advice would be to make it obsolete so that few outsiders join it. The last thing you want is a million members showing up at the drinking events and cutting into your partying. Of course, having a million members on the list always helps - more money. So invite all your friends and enemies too, but don't tell them about the drinks.

Trying to sell underwater basket weaving might be a hard sell, but it'll be worth it in the end. After you're pissed and vomiting on yourself, you'll be glad you did.

2. SAC does few things in this world, but one of them is to monitor the clubs it recognizes. Though you can't just get money for starting a club, you can get oodles of cash for key note speakers, events and fundraisers. Maximize the fun; pay yourself to be a key note speaker. You are, after all, the expert in 18th century cross-stitch. I know I am.

3. Rent U of T facilities for the parties. The last thing you want to do is clean up after yourself. Let hardworking and underpaid foreign staff do it for you.

4. Be prepared to ditch your club at a moment's notice. Sometimes they catch onto you. If they do, or you start to smell their stink, just run. There's no need to go down as captain of your sinking vessel.

That's all. It's surprisingly easy to figure it all out. University's a joke. Enjoy the humour.

**No one
will ever
love
you...**

THE TOIKE OIKE PRESENTS

A First Look At...

...the Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad

The Toike interview¹ with Bnad (sic) leedur (sick) was short and sweet: Toike: "Tell us about the bnad!" Leedur: "Rawwwwrr!"

The bnad leedur then attempted to eat us². Seriously. In a nutshell, the Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad is an uncouth mob of russians invading the tranquility of Skule with a pandemonium of earsplitting "music".



For all observers, $(BA)^2 = (SH)^2$, where BA is blood-alcohol level, H is the hilarity index, and s is Sud's constant.

DISCLAIMER:

The events and people depicted here are fictional and any resemblance to real events or people is coincidental.

FOOTNOTES:

1. No actual interview took place.
2. May have been a burrito instead.
3. Works for relativity, too!

There is only one way to describe the Bnad - and that, of course, is to invoke a variation of special relativity. Just as Einstein's version treats the speed of light as constant in all frames of reference, with the Bnad it is the ratio of hilarity and drunkenness - the so-called Sud's constant. For example, if one were to travel at 75% the speed of light, since light must still move at the same speed relative to you as it would to a stationary observer, then time must be slower for you. Likewise, if one were to be 75% soured, then since the Sud's constant must be the same as it would to a sober observer, things seem a lot funnier.

...Engsoc Politics

While the inner workings of this illustrious group of leaders may seem mysterious, full minutes from each and every meeting are posted on the web for all to see. However, we at the Toike feel that the VP Communications left out certain key events¹, so here is our version of the tale... ➡



Propaganda: Meeting started promptly at 6:00 pm.

Toike Reports: Meeting lurched to a spluttering start at 6:30 pm.

It's on your head, rookie!

Oh yeah! Thanks!

At least he remembered his pants this time...

Propaganda: With hardhat on head, the president brought the meeting promptly to order.

Toike Reports: President accidentally locked self in broom closet.

We have no life

So is three diamond-studded gold rolexes each enough for everyone, or should we get four?

Propaganda: The VP Finance presented the proposed budget for the upcoming year.

Toike Reports: The VP Finance threw pennies at people and blew his nose with a C-note.

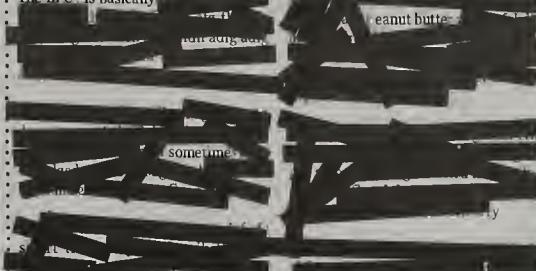


Propaganda: The VP Student Life explained the progress of student initiatives.

Toike Reports: We're engineers... we go from class to beer o'clock... and I skipped class that day...

...the BFC

The BFC¹ is basically



And that's all I have to say about that.

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FOOTNOTES:

1. Does not exist, silly Firosh.

...doing Layout for the Toike Oike

It's a pretty sweet gig, except for every once and awhile when you get left with some awkward rectangles of blank space smack in the middle of a page.

This calls for some serious thought, as there are many ways to fill whitespace: will we run a fake ad? a (gasp) real ad? how about just letting me blather for a couple paragraphs? Or should we let our friend Indesign™ Placeholder Text do its job? Dear reader, one of these options is much easier than the others,

so I'm pleased to present my choice: Ut nosntrud tem nim velit dui ex ex estrud magnibh er at del eius el ericin heniametum delit item ver auti dipsum zrit alt iustrud tat.

Ut luptate do dolorperos esent wis am, veriure dolorem et iril dit labor sum ero ad dolore magnibh ea faccummyn nit acum dolorpe pleasedontkillmemei recipstrud magnibh eugait aliqui blaio isti.

[ed: check the masthead. FIRED!]

...the Blue and Gold Committee

The Blue and Gold committee is engineering's source for ill-conceived construction and inappropriate use of power tools. Obviously the Toike strongly supports this enterprise. The chairs of Blue and Gold were unavailable for comment¹, but an interview was conducted with their appointed representatives.

Toike: What massive changes do you plan to incorporate into Blue and Gold this year?

Toike: On closer inspection you appear to be stuffed animals.

NAILING AND SCREWING APLENTY

To truly understand the Blue and Gold committee, we must reference the kinematic behaviour of an ideal gas. An ideal gas is comprised of a multitude of non-interacting particles moving randomly with an average velocity proportional to the bulk temperature. Blue and Gold participants are a multitude of non-communicating² people moving randomly³, with an average velocity proportional to size of power tools⁴.

Remember, some things should never have been built. But that doesn't stop B&G, and it shouldn't stop you.



Artist's rendition of the Blue and Gold chairs, before (above) and after (below) this year



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FOOTNOTES:

1. Actually, we never checked
2. This is different from not talking. I wish they didn't talk so loudly and pointlessly
3. People not doing anything
4. If we weren't supposed to use it quickly, why would they make it so big and powerful?



Play time

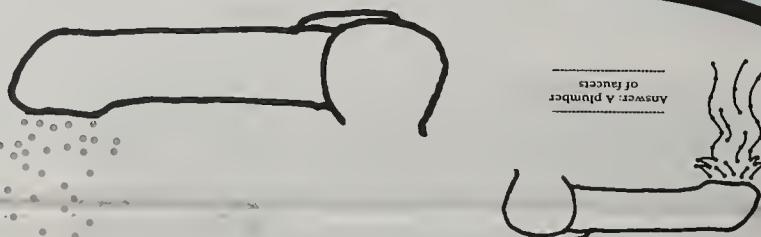
with the Toike

Hey there!

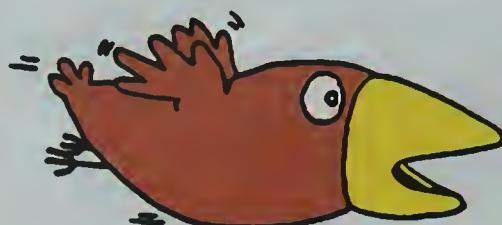
A good education sure can take you places! And since the Toike is so caring, we want to start your school year off right. Here are some games that show you some of the exciting careers you can get with a degree from VoFT.

The name of the game is, 'Connect the dots', and to make it extra hard we haven't numbered the dots. Have fun!

1.

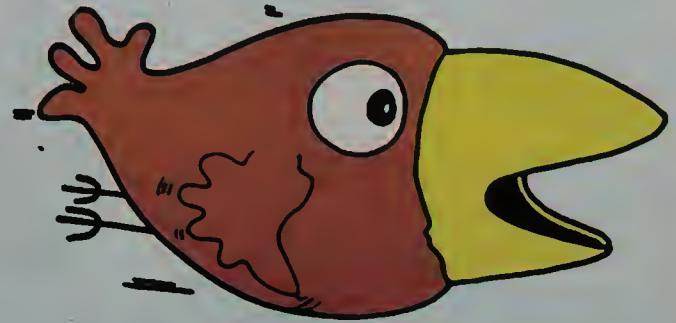


Answer: A Plumber
of Ducts



3.





Confessions of a Teenage Weblog

Do you know what it's like to be awesome? I do. I've been awesome my entire life. I've been laughed at in high school, benched during the big games, and ignored by girls. But none of this mattered to me at all. Wanna know why? It's because I'm 1337.

That's right, I ownzor people hard. Really hard. So hard that if I was playing Counterstrike against Jesus, I'd frag his ass quicker than God could keep re-spawning him! In the end God would be like "gg" and I'd be all like "Pwn3d, noob."

Yeah that's right, I'm bad too. So bad that the ladies all want me to cyber with them. They're all like "xnor1337, I slowly unzip my orange jumpsuit and put my shiv down... the new guy is here and I'm gonna make him a man..." and

I'm all like "fuck yeah!! I think it's getting hard now!"

Cybering's for camper losers anyways. I'm all about the pron. I've got so much pron that they call me the pron goblin. Lesbians, Bisexuals, Blondes, Lesbian Blondes, Bisexual Blondes, you name it and I've got it. Pron won't pretend to not see you at the mall, or call its older brother when you grab its breasts in the cafeteria.

Sometimes people come up to me and say: "xnor1337 you're so cool! Will you do my homework?" and I'm like "fuck no!! I haxor joo!!" and then I flip out and whip ninja stars at them until they do MY homework.

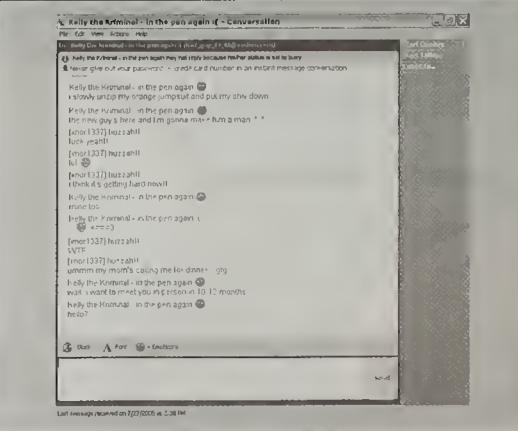
Whatever, it's not like I need school anyways. Awesome doodles like me al-

ways wind up with bling official-sounding jobs like Website guy, IT bitch, and CompSys Admin. Do you even know what CompSys Admin stands for? I don't but I bet you get to download emoticons all day and hit on the secretaries. Let's see those assholes from high school get those perks!!

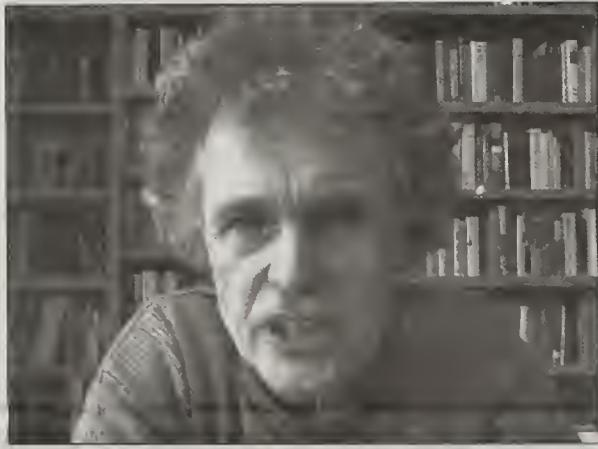
And who needs sports anyway? I'd like to see Jock McJock make a Captain Janeway flash animation with interactive titties! They're just like the real thing... I think. I've actually never left my computer; I don't even know what a woman smells like. My parents should probably do something about that soon. Really soon.

- xnor1337@leetxor.com

This article was written by a 15-year old MSN Messenger user



Bastard Professor From Hell



It's exam day and I'm pissed off. Students who never bother to listen, much less take notes, and much more atrociously do not whine to their TAs, come knocking on my office door expecting instant enlightenment. I've fitted Annie, my secretary, with a flamethrower, but I don't think that's warding them off.

Whatever. I finish my coffee, log onto CCNet, and nullify their test scores. A student calls. I make a mental note to have the TA who put my phone number on the course contact sheet fired, and then answered the phone.

"Professor - do you know why my test marks have disappeared?"

"Who's this?"

"It's Brian! I talked to you last Friday about question 3 in page 245, after class, remember?"

How whiny. "I'm awfully sorry," I say in a voice that screams 'hang up now and you may live.' "But I'm old, and I can't keep track of all the students I've taught. What's your student number?"

He spits it out immediately. Too bad. He may have been a good student, but he should have known better than to call me before I finish my newspaper.

"Delete"

"Awfully sorry again, but I can't find that number in my files. Are you really in my class?"

"But I just talked to you last Friday!" he starts to stutter nervously. "And I've already submitted my essay to you for approval!"

Essay? Uh oh. Can't have that interfere with my morning schedule. I eye the pile of papers on the edge of my desk. His must be in there somewhere...

"Shred"

"Nope, still nothing." I faintly shuffle the papers around on my desk. "If you would be so kind to bring down your essay to my office say... in about 20 minutes, I'll fix any problems with your marks along with it."

"Certainly - I'll be right down!" he says, obviously pleased with his interpersonal skills, which he so carefully honed in CHE150. Hanging up the phone, I mouth Annie something along the lines of "intruder armed with term paper, extremely difficult - eliminate on sight". She nods.

Pleased with the alacrity with which I handled this matter, I decide to get myself a donut. Just as I start to fill out my lunch order for Annie, the phone rings again. Damn. Upgrading the mental note from "fire" to "kill", I pick

up the phone.

"Professor, help! All my test marks have disappeared! Do you know what possibly could be wrong?"

"Oh, that's because, um..." I scan the newspaper headline, "the hydro workers went on strike last night."

"What could that possibly have to do with it?"

Now, I'm a tolerant man. I've put up with a lot from these students - flimsy excuses such as "my dog ate my homework" or "my leg is broken" have never gotten to me. They've never resulted in anything more than a randomly placed zero in their ROSI balance, or a quick visit by the faculty's academic honesty taskforce... but doubting my words, this is too much. Precedence must be set.

"Of course," I say. "The lack of hydro workers onsite at the closest power plant caused the polarity of the transmission wires to destabilise. This in turn caused the UPS at the computing facility to go into transductive-inductive mode..." as I say this, I can hear the student's brain being slowly zeroed. "... which obviously set off the regex engine in the relational database to overwrite any entry that matches a numerical pattern..."

"Uh huh..." he mumbles, uncertain about whether to pretend to understand.

"This is of course all covered in chapter 3, in the section about power transmis-

sion. You took notes, I assume?"

"Certainly..." he decides to continue the charade. Wrong move. "Will this be on the exam?"

How can an innocent phone call go so wrong I wonder. The cursed WTBOTE phrase has been muttered. Lethal force is now authorised.

"Why yes, of course. I didn't cover all the material so you could pick-and-choose, did I? Now, as for your marks disappearing, if you could come down in person with a donut, I'm sure I can fix everything up in a jiffy."

"A donut?" he sounds thoroughly confused.

"Didn't I teach you anything? You can only fix a transductive-inductive UPS by shortcircuiting its transformer with a high carbohydrate-deposit toroid. Now get down here!" I choke back the "daddy wants lunch" part.

"Of course, of course, yes sir..."

As luck would have it, 15 minutes later as I arise to depart for my lunch, I find both students outside my office, and Annie reaching for the flamethrower from under the desk. I shut the door and dive for cover.

Damn.

A perfectly good donut wasted.

-Tom Yue

Return Of The Good Old Hockey Game

NEW CHANGES NEITHER GOOD, NOR OLD.

TORONTO [Toke]: After the end of the hockey strike, teams have made attempts to draw fans back to the arenas, and away from the beloved Movie Night in Canada.

Many hockey teams have lead the way by reducing ticket prices, with Toronto being a notable exception. This is largely because the Leafs have a long history of disappointing their legions of fans, much in the same way UofT ignores its legions of undergraduates. I'm not complaining or anything, but Robarts Library ran over my dog.

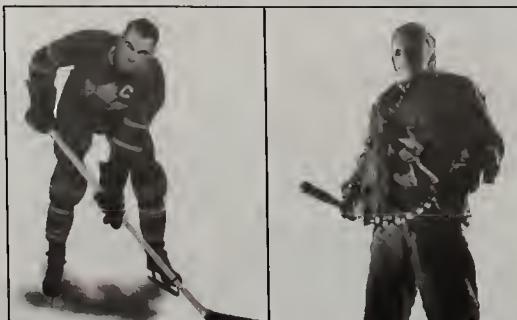
Here in Toronto prices will stay the same, but payment will be now be accepted in first-born children or body organs for the unfortunate middle-class-or-below sections of the populace who may wish to both see a game and eat for the winter.

see violence, the hockey sticks will be razor tipped, and the puck will be an active grenade.

Many players are relieved as these changes will reduce the

number of injuries on the ice.

There are also unconfirmed rumours that the new goalie for the Leafs will be Jason.



Above and Right: The evolution of the professional hockey player homo hockeynus regularis to homo hockeynus insonsumus.

Several new rules were added to make NHL's Hockey: "A Whole New Game" more exciting. The highlight of these changes was that since fans only go to

You Got Skule'd™

Over the next year you'll find you will gain/lose weight, sleep is no longer a good use of time (even though you can now do it anywhere), you will start smelling funny and will grow hair in places you never wanted to. No, it's not puberty, (okay some of you are young enough) it's the wonderful world of Engineering! Where a B feels like an A and your B's are actually D's.

You might have thought you were all that and a bag of Lays in high school (maybe not the lays...), but you're in the big leagues now biatch. They don't run out of lube right before exams at the Sexual Education Centre for no reason. It hurts. Like all good engineering Frosch, you think you'll study hard and be fine. Well here's your first clue: you're reading the joke newspaper instead of learning.

But I'm here to give some hope for the next four years of hell you thought were just going to be a challenge. Skule doesn't just have to be a place of aca-

demic torture. It's also a place of drunkin parties, wearing dirty coveralls for weeks at a time, and not caring what they used to wear that \$500 leather jacket of yours. Oh wait, you're Frosch, you can't do any of that. That sucks. Well I guess Skule is also a place where dropping your pants gains you respect, there are thrilling races of Beds and Chariots, and you always have that feeling you're better than other people because you're an engineer. Damn, you're still Frosch, you can't win/get anything. You know what, it sucks to be Frosch. My real advice to you is to get out while you still can. People aren't lying when they say it only gets worse. Save yourselves!

Honestly though, I don't care what you do. Either way it doesn't affect what really counts: My Average. Well good luck and remember, no matter how hard you study you will fail, so have a little fun while you do it.

-Lance Uppercut

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Carrier Pigeons Being Retrained For New Careers

The glory days of the carrier pigeon are long in the past. There was a time when the flutter of their wings was eagerly awaited by every merchant, every soldier, and every cheesemaker. Alas, in these modern days of semaphore and the telegram, carrier pigeons are staring oblivion in the hairy, acne-laced face – but not if Richard Pimmel has anything to do with it. Richard, or Dick as his friends but not his relatives call him, is on a mission to bring carrier pigeons into the 21st century and beyond. You see, Dick is a carrier pigeon career counsellor who retrains the birds for the jobs of today.

"While it's true that carrier pigeons might not be the fastest means of information transmission anymore," says Dick, "there are several other ways in which carrier pigeons can enrich our lives." Here are just a few of the things Dick says carrier pigeons can be used for:

- Rapid pizza delivery: Several pigeons hooked up in a harness, chariot style, would provide fast and reliable pizza delivery. There would be no risk of a smelly-nosed teenager getting lost or spitting on your food – and best of all, the only tip they would require would be small pieces of the crust. Works for Chinese food delivery too.

- Traffic scouting: Stuck in a traffic jam? Wondering what the fastest route out of it is? Let the pigeon take care of it. It'll fly ahead, spot out surrounding streets, get back to your car, and sit down on the dashboard facing the direction you should head in. Guaranteed to cut your commuting time by

two-thirds or we'll give you a free pi-geon-egg omelette.

- Cheating in exams: A strategically placed and properly trained carrier pigeon can, if you're sitting next to a window, bring sheets of formulae and facts to you – while the invigilators think you're just admiring the wildlife.

- Advertising and promotions: What better way to attract people to your business or show than to have a swarm of pigeons around them, continuously pushing them towards your store/event? As a bonus, by the time they get there they'll buy whatever you're selling just to get the damned pigeons out of their hair.

- Attack pigeons: This will likely be the most popular use of carrier pigeons. With titanium tipped beaks and poison-injecting claws, you can use attack pigeons to torture and torment your enemies at no personal risk to yourself. The pigeons will be trained to gouge eyes, dismember fingers, and if applicable destroy external genitalia. Depending on your level of cowardice you can attach a note to the pigeons stating your identity.

Dick is currently in the process of training his first batch of chicks, and hopes to have stage 1 trials initiated by 2007, and rentals beginning in 2008. Hopefully his vision will come true and we will all once again delight in the cooing and marvel at the droppings of the noble carrier pigeon. Good luck, Dick, and to the pigeons, excelsior!

- Praveer Sharma

What do you want to be when you grow up?



"A chimpanzee. No, a doctor.
Wait...yes, yes, YES! An eagle."



"Doing your mom. Yeah, I
said it."



"Joe Rogan, host of TV's Fear Factor."



"in love..."

Electric Violinist Not As Edgy As Electric Guitarist

STUDY SHOWS ACTUALLY ONLY 1/3 AS COOL

Local street musicians, or as they are commonly referred to, Buskers, and the pedestrians that must endure them, got a treat last Wednesday when John Waylson whipped out his electric guitar at the corner of Bloor and Brunswick for a round of tunes. Most passersby were thrilled at the ripping sounds that were wailing out of his electric hammer, the likes of which have not been seen since Marty McFly in Doc's workshop.

However, across the street, a rather sorrowful individual, one Mr. Rockwell Birmingham was forced to pack up his electric violin, formerly believed to be, quote, "wicked" and "jamming" by said owner. Although Birmingham was clearly the first musician on the scene,

Waylson's arrival meant he would surely be unable to compete with what is the clearly superior electric instrument.

Said the much more rocking Waylson, "It's like this, man, I know that Rockwell was trying to gain some street cred by using an electric version of the same instrument that his mommy forced him to play in his school boy uniform around grade 2, but frankly, he's the sort of guy who I gave swirlies to in grade school, and I simply can't accept him thinking that classical instruments are meant to rock out."

Replied Mr. Birmingham to these allegations, "I know. Sigh."

- Annie Unnold

THE TOP 10 THINGS TO PUT IN WATER BALLOONS

10. Ink

9. Gasoline

8. Quick-drying cement

7. Urine

6. Thumbtacks

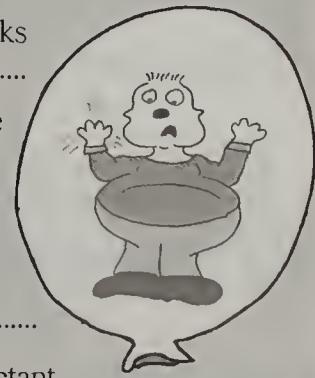
5. Super glue

4. Mace

3. Blood

2. Bear attractant

1. Bees (preferably Africanized ones)



This year at Suds...

06-Sep	Frosh Week
07-Sep	
08-Sep	
09-Sep	

09-Jan	Godiva Week
10-Jan	
11-Jan	
12-Jan	
13-Jan	

16-Sep Roll in the Hay Suds
23-Sep Live Band Suds
30-Sep It's-a Mario Suds

20-Jan Chillaxen Suds
27-Jan Beachin' Suds

07-Oct Mystery Suds

03-Feb Poker Tournament Suds

14-Oct Gluttony Suds

10-Feb Mystery Suds

21-Oct Mystery Suds

17-Feb Multicultural Bakesale Suds

28-Oct Halloween Suds

24-Feb No Suds

04-Nov Fooze-Gitz Suds

03-Mar DDR/Karaoke Suds

11-Nov Remembrance Day

10-Mar Subletter Suds

18-Nov Comedy Suds

17-Mar St. Patricks Day

25-Nov Mystery Suds

24-Mar NBA Jem Suds

02-Dec Mystery Suds

31-Mar Mystery Suds

09-Dec EXAMS

07-Apr Mystery Suds

16-Dec Pre-Freedom Suds

14-Apr EXAMS/Good Friday

28-Apr Last Suds of the year Suds

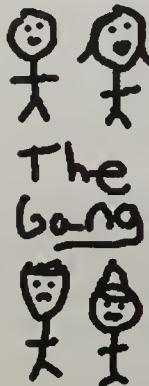
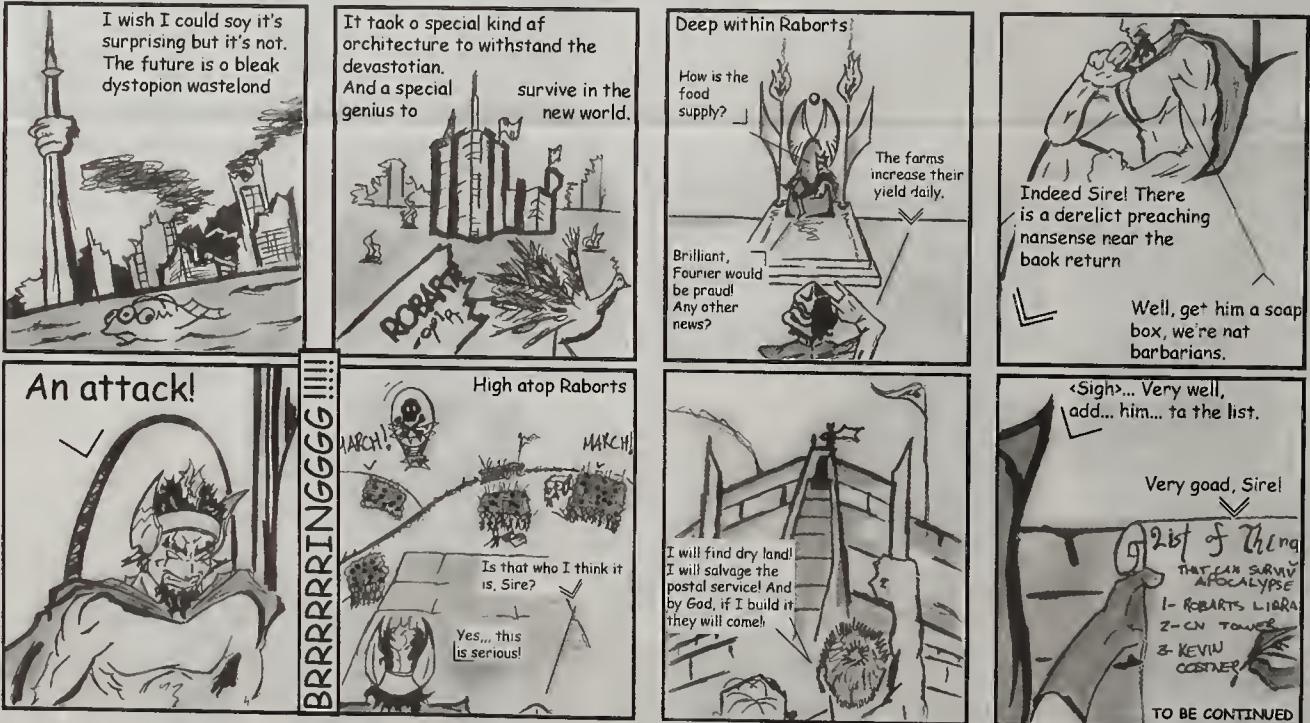
COMICS

Almost Evil
www.DustinLadd.com



ROBARTOPIA

By Com Yates and Eddy Abraham



COMICS

Delicious Irony

http://cube30.keenspace.com

Evolution is a lie! Despite the vast amounts of independently verified evidence, it is nothing but an evil scientist trick to try to make you think for yourself!

We must ban the teaching of ideas that we don't agree with, or children might be tempted to sinfully make their own decisions on what to believe!



Grimlock is copyright Hasbro

Do you just want to be held?

Have someone stroke your hair and tell you everything is going to be alright?

Maybe grab your ass?

Yeah, you like that?

Maybe even squeeze it a bit?

Yeah. Me too...



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*Mention this ad and get a groping 20% off.

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH WANTED

MEN needed to stop being pigs. I'm so horny. Mei Ring, 555-6827.

STRAIGHT EDGE needed to draw Pride flag. Stefano, 555-2325.

VIRTRIUM. New name needed. Call J\$, 555-0688.

GUITAR needed to rock out! Meedley meeeeee! Strongbad, 555-6385.

NEEDED: COMBOOOOOS!!! Contact Storm, NOT Jubilee. Super COMBOOOOOS!!! preferred.

FEMALES. We've used all the Kleenex and the internet is almost out of porn. Call Engineering, 555-3152.

UNCHAINED MELODY needed to get itself back together. Nacho, 555-4563.

MERCH FOR SALE

FASCIST MACHINE. Keeps those left-wing machines in line. Adam, 555-2409.

6000KM LONG DILDO. For those long-distance relationships. Deano, 555-5236.

CLOWN ORGY Caterers of Kentucky. When you want your party to rock, let COCK handle your food. Colonel 555-2398.

TUNA ROLLS. Made from fresh local tuna kittens. Delish! 555-0399.

FEDERAL CONSERVATIVE PARTY. Comes without a backbone. Rennick, 555-6194.

BOOBIES. Great for staring at and being popular. Amanda, 555-1935.

CONDOM COATHANGER. Different sizes, can be used as an Aeolian harp. Pete, 555-8555.

CRUNK JUICE. Do NOT mix with Pimp Juice. Shan, 555-1422.

TRUTH GATES. Helps you score with hot models XNOR herpes-ridden genitalia. Huzzah! Bloodninja, 555-2497.

WRISTWATCH. Never be late for pantsless o'clock again! John, 555-0428.

RETICULATED PYTHON. Pretty tasty! Snake, 555-5634.

ALL MATERIA. Equip with any greener materia for effect. 1,000,000 Gil. Tifa, 555-5421.

JESUS FISH. Fits in all the wrong holes. VJ, 555-9475.

LINDSAY LOHAN beertap. Gives great head. 555-6482.

MENSTRUAL PADS. Not cool, man.

HELP WANTED

PARALLEL LINES looking to meet. One day our normals will intersect! Vector, 555-4563.

REPAIRS needed. The EngSoc Speaker is out of order. Hen, 555-9875.

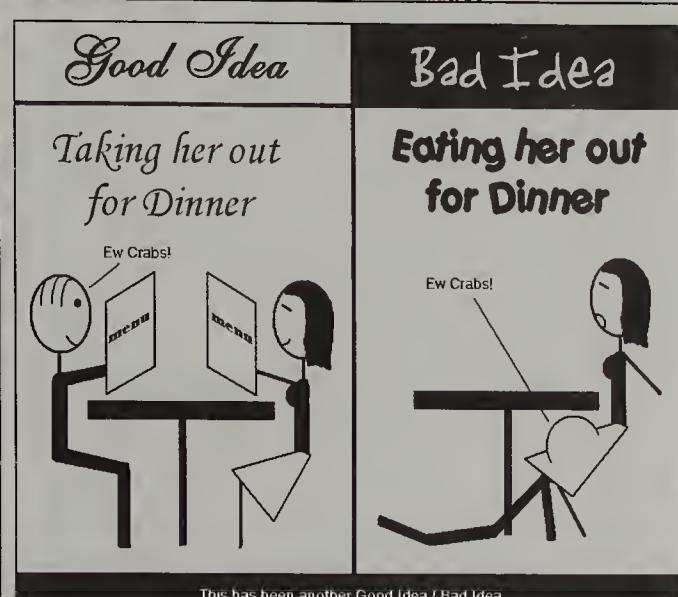
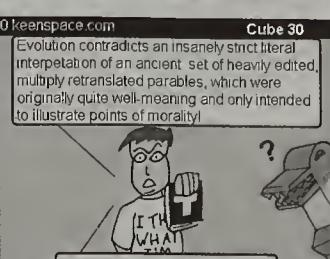
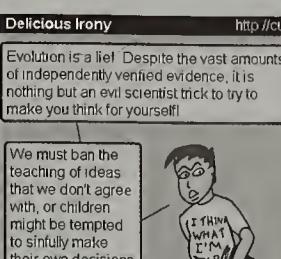
KLINGON Honour Guard recruitment. Ik bekk chuk leecck. Stabby-stabby, choppy-choppy. Admiral Gashy'kk, 555-6871.

CHUBBY needed in my pooper. Egor, 555-3049.

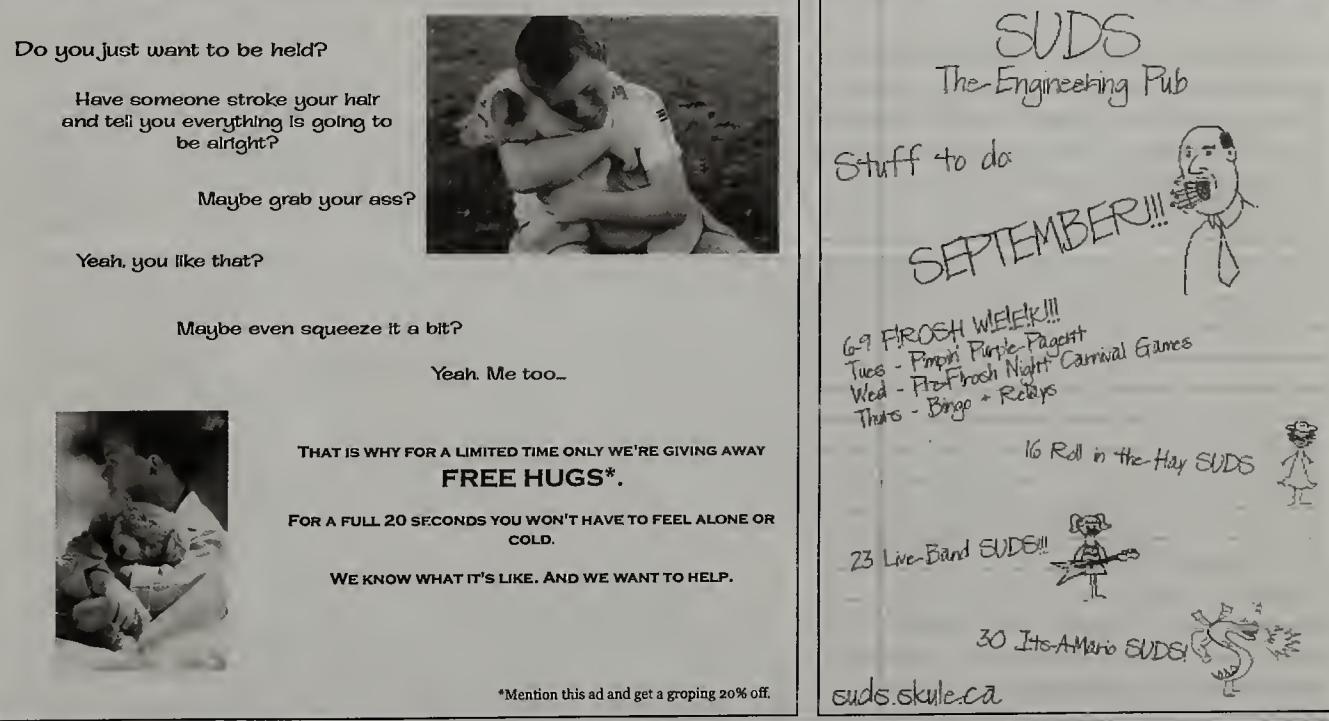
NEEDED: A lab partner. Must be named Quentin and must not be able to pronounce Rs. <2yrs in Canada preferred. Chris, 555-4234.

ECE CLUB. seeking donations to clean its students. Dave, 555-9844.

NEW CLASSIFIEDS WRITER. Someone who won't make me cry. Mei Ring, 555-6827.



This has been another Good Idea / Bad Idea



6-9 FROSH WEEK!!!
Tues - Pimpin Purple Pageant
Wed - Pi-Frosh Night Carnival Games
Thurs - Bingo + Relays

16 Roll in the Hay SUDS



23 Live-Band SUDS!!!



30 Its-A-Mario SUDS!



suds.skule.ca



Scratch and Sniff!
(Mmm-mmm, Smells like Toke!)